THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 90.

THE Wanderer gives place with pleasure to the following epistle of his friend, always considering that a discussion of literary topicks is of [illegible] general interests [illegible] The sentiments of the writer are well supported, but a question of this nature presents a double view, and the Wanderer will be equally happy to receive an attempt at a refutation of it from any of his correspondents.

Rien n'est beau que le Vrai, le Vrai seul est amiable. *Boileau.*

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To the Wanderer.

SIR,

I know not at what period of literature the practice commenced for a man to be his own biographer.—It is certain however of late the examples are more frequent than formerly, and several memorable instances have recently caused the propriety of the plan to be made a subject of serious inquiry.

It was the opinion of an author, who presided for a long time as a regent over English literature, that every man's life was best written by himself, and the authority of *his* name has been introduced to justify a practice, which has notwithstanding been always regarded with the eye of suspicion. That every man is best informed of his own motives as well as actions, and can command the choicest materials for his history is not to be denied; but there are other requisites for judicious biography than a mere knowledge of facts, and even Johnson himself, whose opinion on this subject is advanced with so much confidence, was unwilling to trust his reputation to be preserved in a monument of his own workmanship, but thought it sufficient to have accumulated materials of honour and beauty for his literary cenotaph, and to leave its execution to the friendship and abilities of his friends.

I know not any superior advantage, which is possessed by the writer of his own life, for the work he attempts to perform, than the means of correct information on the subject he proposes to exhibit. But it is very much to be doubted whether he can maintain even this claim. It is as difficult for the mind to take cognizance of itself as it is for the eye, which beholds every thing else, to view its own form and colour; it requires a mirror in some other hands to exhibit it to itself. The partiality of an individual for his own character, his insensibility to his own faults and even foibles, and the unweening desire for praise which is glaringly exhibited by the fact of being his own biographer, spreads a mist round the person which dis-

torts its form and appearance.—There is then an allowance to be made for the refraction of the medium which is deceptive and indeterminate.

There is an appearance of pedantic affectation and unreasonable pride in the very supposition, that the public can be so greatly interested in the conduct and character of the writer, as to give value to those minute details which are the very essence of biography. In answer to this it may perhaps be said that every publication supposes the writer's opinion of consequence enough to require attention, and is an assumption which is equally vain and offensive. But the difference is as great in the two cases as between a conversation on general and interesting topics which contribute either to the information or amusement of the hearer, and that insufferable and disgusting egotism, which makes *self* the hero of the tale, and is solely engaged in recounting adventures which derive all their consequence from the personal exertions of the speaker. Actions of inferior celebrity may acquire from the manner of narration a charm that will interest and delight us, while even those of the most splendour and renown will cease to engage our attention, when we see through the recital the swelling crest and exulting countenance of the narrator, striving to excite your admiration till he can greatly satisfy his own pride by crying *Ecce homo!*—I AM THE MAN.

It was the remark of the same writer whose opinion I have already noticed, that no man had lived of whom a well written biography would not be instructive. It is well indeed that this sentiment is restricted in practice, or the world, already encumbered with an infinite variety of useless publications, would be inundated with a new swell in the tide of authorship that would efface all other operations. The fact at present is, that the branch of literature of which I have spoken, is very much neglected, and many of those characters, whose lives would have been volumes of instruction to succeeding ages, have been suffered to float at leisure to the land of forgetfulness, and the only record which posterity will be able to find, by which to conduct their gratitude and veneration, will be by searching in some moss-grown grave-yard for the *Hic ille jacet* of their tomb-stones. A volume of biography therefore in the present state of literature becomes an inscription of praise to the person whose memory it is intended to preserve. It is saying that his name, like gold-dust on the sands, is too precious to remain without notice, but is to be coined and pass current among the most valuable articles.

I am aware the advocates for this manner of biography will bring from the neglected state of this species of literature an argument in favour of the historian of his own fame. As no one is so well able to collect the materials, so say they, no one is so interested in the business as the man who knows that his own assiduity is to determine his future estimation, and being conscious of the merit he has acquired and the respectability he maintains, can realize that unless he will exert himself in his own cause, his name will but a little while survive the body which must moulder in the tomb. This is acknowledged to be a plausible argument, but to my mind not satisfactory.

Correctness and impartiality are the foundations of all that is valuable in biography. Every man whose conduct is of consequence enough to arrest the attention of a subse

quent age, must at some period of his life, have had enemies to contend against, opposition to encounter, opinions and feelings to reconcile, and sentiments to propose. From the centre of the field of battle it would be impossible for him to see with that same impartiality which is equally requisite to do justice to others and honour to himself. It is the distant spectator whose unconcerned situation gives him a view of the whole ground, who alone can estimate the strength he had to contend with, and the means he took to crown his contest with victory.

The necessity therefore of compiling a biography exists only when it can be done with advantage; it should be undertaken only when the objects can be fully accomplished; and the desire of a man to be celebrated to future ages, although he realizes like Pizarro that his dry bones will never rattle in the grave, with joy, should at all times be subservient to the principles which make celebrity valuable, and should never be attempted by means that can imply a doubt whether that celebrity was deserved.

We see in full force in the writings of Cicero the disgusting appearance which this vanity occasions. The speeches of the consul are so burthened with his own praise that the reader feels absolved from the necessity of bestowing any, and his Philipics against Anthony, although his own merits may be considered fairly within their subject, produce a less powerful effect than if this necessity did not exist.

I am fully sensible that instances of bold and judicious execution, on the plan I am opposing, may very plausibly be urged against my positions. Among these the commentaries of Cesar will probably occupy the foreground. The correctness of this work I have no means of ascertaining and am not disposed to controvert. Other circumstances than those which can again exist, lead to its publication. But one or two illustrious exceptions can never prove the point in discussion, and I am not disposed to admit that even the recent and popular memoirs of the good and venerable Cumberland can affect the position for which I contend. In fact, from the volume of this interesting writer I could select instances, which show that the interest of truth and literature are equally injured by giving permission to a writer to be the herald of his own fame, to decide with the sanction of history the merits of his own publications and as it were to be at the same tribunal, advocate and judge.

It is rare that we find the same man able to act and to write; to acquire honor by his conduct and give it permanency by his pen. The art of war and in some degree politics is separated from that course which the biographer pursues. The self-written memoirs of the warrior, or the artist seldom do more than to excite a smile at his vanity; but the author whose pen has acquired for him a perennial glory, is most liable to be drawn into the snare of being his own biographer, a measure which I have attempted to show, is inconsistent with that dignity which should leave others the task of adorning him with laurels, and which can at best bestow a transient honour which posterity, if his volume ever reaches them, may be inclined to suspect.

The writer of his own life anticipates the time which is to entitle him to praise. Death puts the great seal on every human character; and it was once remarked by some eminent author, whose name I have forgotten, that no man could be considered as having lived to ad-

vantage till the time of his probation had expired. It is then too that cotemporary passions have time to become cool; the feelings of friendship or the animosity of rivals then become extinct and a factitious praise is no longer possible, an illiberal severity no longer pardoned. There is time enough for an appeal to be made to the world for their final decision on the character whom it is desirable should be tested by the ordeal of opinion and then only can you have the necessary security that the ordeal can be true. But the practice of bringing by a *man's own voluntary act* his private history, his life and manners forcibly before the public, defeats this purpose and make the writer his own eulogist before it can possibly be determined whether or not this eulogy be deserved.

I submit these remarks to the Wanderer for his consideration, and shall be happy if in error to be convinced by his superior reasoning; and am, with much respect, his sincere friend. HORTENSIUS.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Si voluimus, magna sæpe ex parvis intelligimus.

THE DEATH OF WINCESLAS, KING OF BOHEMIA.

From the French of Commir Hois.

THE passion ENVY is without doubt the most cruel enemy of human nature. This ferocious monster, whom nothing can satisfy, regards the merit of others as an insupportable burthen and attempts every mean in its power to destroy what it cannot emulate. It regards with the most painful emotions every thing that contributes to the general joy, and is always ready to poison the stream of public happiness. It would erect its own dominions on the very ruins of nature.

By what strange fatality is it that man encourages a vice so opposite to his happiness? Instead of being troubled at the rewards which virtue at any time receives, how much nobler to enter the same course and with generous emulation become a candidate for the prize.

These remarks are illustrated in that part of the history of Bohemia which I have undertaken to relate. Wrateslas the first, Duke of Bohemia, had by a marriage with Drahomire two sons of tempers and dispositions diametrically opposite. The first named Winceslas, united in his person all those virtues which form the character of an accomplished prince. Boleslas, the second son, discovered in his infancy, the germ of all those vices, which claim for a character the epithet of cruel. The natural disposition of these two princes was strengthened by education. Winceslas was the favourite and pupil of Ludimille his paternal aunt, a princess as distinguished for her noble qualities and correct conduct as well as for her rank and consequence in society, and who instructed him not more assiduously by her own brilliant example than by her choice and valuable precepts. Boleslas was educated in the principles of Drahomire whom we can estimate only as one of those plagues that in times of calamity are let loose to desolate the earth. Ambition, avarice and envy were her predominant passions, and no means were considered as unlawful which enabled her to gratify them.

The Christian religion, at this time beginning to spread in Bohemia, was early and warmly embraced by Ludimille and Wrateslas, but Drahomire would in no degree renounce the errors of paganism. The old Duke perceiving these inclinations so very different from

his own, judged it proper, in dying, to bequeath the government to Ludimille during the minority of Winceslas. But this wise arrangement was in no way executed. Drahomire demanded the regency. She was supported in council by most of the grandees and easily succeeded against the virtuous Ludimille. As soon as she had acquired the sovereign power she gave loose to her hatred of the Christians; she interdicted them the free exercise of their public worship and committed the government of Prague to their most determined enemy, whom she directed to persecute and bring them back to idolatry. It would have been impossible to have given this barbarian an employment for which he was better calculated, as might easily be seen by the manner in which his commission was executed.

The extreme cruelty of the governor of Prague could not be endured by the citizens. They revolted and in a military contest the governor was slain. To revenge the death of a minister so valuable, Drahomire exercised the most wanton cruelties upon the Christians, burning and pillaging their churches, and doing whatever else her malice could dictate. This last conduct enraged Winceslas who determined not to suffer the overthrow of a religion he professed, and as he had arrived at the age of maturity he assumed the reigns of government to the great and universal joy of his subjects.

The new Duke commenced his reign by offering to his brother Boleslas the marks of his most tender affection, and assigned to him all the territory on the other side the Elbe, which he signified his desire of having publicly known as the division line of their respective governments. Other advantageous and generous offers were made to Boleslas which required from him some expression of gratitude; but to do acts of kindness for an ungrateful disposition is to sow on an arid soil the grain which it has not strength enough to germinate.

Nothing is more rare than the coincidence of consanguinity and friendship; if we seek the reason of a variance which is so contrary to the order of nature perhaps we shall find it to arise principally from avarice. Drahomire could not forget that Ludimille had contributed by her counsels to abreviate her authority, and vengeance was to her the most delicious of pleasures: she believed that if left to himself her son would easily have relinquished to her the sovereign authority, and she therefore resolved by the most expeditious arrangement to sacrifice Ludimille to her wishes, whatever might be the danger or the price. She addressed herself for this purpose to two officers of her suite whom she judged to be peculiarly proper for her purpose, and who were natives of a country where the most atrocious and sanguinary acts pass without reproof, if pretended to be done in the cause of their religious institutions. She was not deceived in them, and by an artful representation of the influence of the Christians, brought them to her purpose. They were sufficiently known at court to be received without difficulty. The pious Ludimille had constructed an oratorio where she often indulged in meditation and prayer. Finding her there one day alone, the assassins unexpectedly slew her at the foot of the altar at which she was kneeling.

Winceslas was exceedingly grieved at this horrible assassination, but not at all doubting the source from whence it proceeded, he was obliged to content himself with mourning in secret without taking any

active part to ensure a detection of the criminal.

The unhappy and deluded Drahomire did not receive from her crime all the advantage she anticipated, for in spite of every assiduity which passion or pride could suggest, she was unable to accomplish her design of gaining a portion of the government.

This mortification induced her to leave the court of Winceslas for that of his brother, whose disposition sympathized with the feelings of her bosom. There her sole occupation was to excite discord and treason in the dominion of Winceslas, and to excite the neighbouring states to war, by representing how little he was conversant with arms, and how much he preferred the solace and enjoyments of peace to the turbulence and dangers of the field.

Her artifices were so far successful as to involve the dukedom in war, but the courage and conduct of the young general was so noble and dignified that in admiration of his virtue the Emperor Otho I. then reigning, erected his government to a kingdom and bestowed on Winceslas the title of king.

Drahomire was enraged to find the means she had taken to satisfy her vengeance had eventuated in the honour and glory of the person she had meant to destroy. This was a new crime in her eyes which could not be forgiven. She therefore meditated a new scheme as deadly, but more sure than the last: this was to attract Winceslas to the court of his brother and there deprive him of his life.

She communicated this horrible design to the barbarian Boleslas, whose vindictive disposition was the more enraged from past miscarriages, and who could contemplate murder with the hardy indifference of a savage without feeling the least compunction of his nature. He was the more ready to engage in this crime, as his heart, at all times ready for every act of villany, was gangrened with envy from the moment his brother was decorated with the title of King.

(To be Continued.)

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Few people think of blaming themselves for not being pleased with a book, but carry the sum total of dulness to the credit of the author. The Emerald we have no doubt is frequently thrown aside by the peevish exclamation of "there is nothing here to read," as the sermon is often delivered at church without the attention of the auditory because it is *destitute of amusement*. Let those who "in these yawning days of the dog-star" go to church to sleep, or take up a book as an opiate, just spare time to peruse the following.

ADVICE TO THE READER.

Readers must not imagine that all the pleasures of composition depend on the author; for there is something which a reader himself must bring to the book, that the book may please. There is a literary appetite, which the author can no more impart, than the most skilful cook can give an appetency to the guests. When Cardinal Richelieu said to Godeau that he did not understand his verses, the honest poet replied, that it was not his fault. It would, indeed, be very unreasonable, when a painter exhibits his pictures in public, to expect that he should provide spectacles for the use of the short sighted. Every man must come prepared as well as he can. Simonides confessed himself incapable of deceiving stupid persons; and Balsac remarked, of the girls of his village, that they were too silly to be deceived by a man

of wit. Dulness is impenetrable: and there are hours when the liveliest taste loses its sensibility. The temporary tone of the mind may be unfavourable to taste a work properly, and we have had many erroneous criticisms from great men, which may often be attributed to this circumstance. The mind communicates its infirm disposition to the book, and an author hath not only his own defects to account for, but also those of his readers. There is something in composition, like the game of shuttlecock, where if the reader does not quickly rebound the feathered cork to the author, the game is destroyed, and the whole spirit of the work falls extinct.

LAUGHING.

I am going to lounge in the streets of London; and, to tell you the truth, I prefer them to the fields of the country. I am for nature's best works and like to study mind rather than matter. Men, women, and children are therefore always more acceptable to me than all the hills, dales, and limpid streams in the universe.

I admire the man who exclaimed, "I have lost a day!" because he had neglected to do any good in the course of it; but another has observed, that "the most lost of all days, is that in which we have not laughed*;" and I must confess, that I feel myself greatly of his opinion.

COMPLIMENT.

An English clergyman, say a French writer, preaching before the court, said, at the end of his sermon, that those, who did not profit by what he had advanced would go, and forever and ever, inhabit a place which politeness would not suffer him to name before such a respectable congregation.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

There are breathing caricatures as well as painted ones. There are living caricatures of every discription; so that, if *Heraclitus* were now alive, he would have more cause to weep for human kind than ever; and were *Democritus* still in existence, he also would have more reason than heretofore to laugh and indulge his spleen. The wisest of these two philosophers was, in my opinion, the last. *Democritus*, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years. *Heraclitus*, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing then is best; and to laugh at one another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us. "Momus," says *Lantier*, "was not much mistaken when he said, the gods had been drinking too much nectar when they created man; and that they could not contemplate their works without laughing."

A VILLAGE

Is like that subterraneous cave, called the Ear of Dionysious; nothing passes in it, or near it but it is instantly known.

LEGAL PUN.

In a case of incompetent bail, the party was asked, what was his profession. He answered, "that he was a *colourman*;" on which the late respectable lord Kenyon remarked, "Then, Sir, you are merely brought in the way of your business, to give a *colour* to this transaction."

A passion for play is the overthrow of all decorum: the prince forgets his dignity, the woman her modesty, all men their duty; and, in this pursuit, certain hours are set apart for ruining and hating one another.

ANECDOTE OF A CELEBRATED GAMESTER.

A few weeks before he was to sail for India, General Ogle constantly attended Paine's, in Charles Street, St. James's Square, where he alter-

* *La plus perdue de toutes les journees est cette ou l'on n'a pas ri.*

nately won and lost large sums. One evening there were before him two wooden bowls full of gold, which held fifteen hundred guineas each; and also four thousand guineas in rouleaus, which he had won. When the box came to him, he shook the dice, with great coolness and pleasantly said, "Come, I'll either win or lose seven thousand upon this hand, will any gentleman set me the whole? Seven is the main." Then rattling the dice once more, cast the box down, and quitted it, the dice remaining covered. Though the general did not consider this too large a sum for one man to risk at a single throw, the rest of the gentlemen did, and for sometime he remained unset. He then said, "Well gentlemen, will you make it up amongst you?" One set him £500. another £500. "Come," says he, "while you are making up this £7000, I'll tell you a story." Here he began to relate a story that was pertinent to the moment; but perceiving that he was completely set, stopped short, laid his hand upon the box, saying, "I believe I am set, gentlemen?"—"Yes, Sir, Seven is the main." He threw out* ! then, with astonishing coolness, he took up his snuff-box, and smiling, exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, I'll finish my story, if you please ! !"

SONNET, TO TIME.

As o'er thy course, I cast reflected eye,
And measure back thy flight in pensive thought,
Fond Mem'ry dwells on hours of ecstacy,
But sickens at whole years, with anguish fraught.
So in the sky will lucid spots appear,
While dark and dismal looks the general sphere; [womb,
Hast thou, O Time! within thy future
No more of bliss than yet my soul has known? [Come,
Borne on thy wings, have I no joys to
And must misfortune mark me for her own?
Then speed thy leaden flight, nor let thy stay [woe!
Prolong to distant years my sense of
Short be my span, till in eternal day
I lose remembrance of thy lapse below.

On a lady stung by a Bee.

To heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my *Delia's* face,
Its honey to the part she laid,
And bade me kiss the place:
Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Suck'd both the sweet and smart:
The honey on my lips I found,—
The sting went thro' my heart.

"My head, Tom 's confus'd with your nonsense and bother; [er."
It goes in at one ear and out at the oth-
"Of that," my friend Dick, "I was ever aware,
For nonsense, your head is a pure *thoroughfare*."!

A LACK OF WIT.

Mr. Cory, of Covent-Garden Theatre, being one evening in the boxes of Drury-Lane, a gentleman behind him was very troublesome in his noisy observations, and false attempts at wit. "Why, you measure out your wit wholesale, said a person at hand. "True, Sir," said Mr. Cory, "The gentleman measures his wit as, in the east, they do rupees—by the *lack*.

IMPROMPTU.

On the expected Marriage of Mr. Frederick Lamb to Miss Monk.

In times remote, when Heathens sway'd,
A sacrifice was often made,
Their deities to quiet;
And by the priest the lamb was led
Unto the altar, where he bled,
Without the smallest riot.
Mark, how revers'd the blissful scene,
No Heathen rites now intervene,
To bid the timid faulter;

* For the information of those unacquainted with hazard, it is necessary to state that to throw out, means, to lose.

For, lo! the *Monk*—how strange to say!
Is by the *Lamb* now led away,
Quite willing to the altar!!

EXTENT OF A JOKE.

A man having been capitally convicted at the Old-Bailey, was, as usual, asked, what he had to say, why judgment of death should not be passed against him?—"Say!" replied he, "why, I think the joke has been carried far enough already: and the less that is said about it the better—if you please, Sir, we'll drop the subject."

Selected for the Emerald.

ON THE PROGRESSIVE LATENESS OF HOURS KEPT IN ENGLAND.

(Concluded from p. 381.)

To be serious, wherever I see great deviations from nature, I cannot help suspecting some *bad passion* to be the lurking cause of them; and, in the present instance, I am afraid we must refer this perversity of taste to a culpable desire of distinguishing ourselves in every particular from the lower orders. The rich man finds himself subjected to the same necessities of food and sleep with his labourers; but is resolved, at least, he will not satisfy them at the same hours. His little vanity leads him to reject the purest gifts of nature, air and sunshine, if they are to be shared with those from whom he conceived himself separated by a line of discrimination. He will not enjoy the light in common with the poor; and as he is conscious of the difference between the peasant's rush light over his turf-fire, and the brilliant illumination of wax tapers in his splendid rooms, he chuses to pass the greatest portion of his waking time at those hours in which he has so much advantage; and I do not know whether he would condescend to use day-light at all, if it were not pretty highly taxed as it comes through the plate-glass of his sash windows. Nay, it is said of a certain noble family, who went into the north to spend their Christmas at their country-seat, that being fairly resolved to shew the sun they could do without him, they never vouchsafed to open their dining-room shutters during the weeks of their residence there. But, independently of any malignant comparison of our own comforts with those of others, we should consider whether there is not a degree of moral guilt in slighting the plainest indications of the will of the Author of nature, and pouring contempt upon rules written with the radiant fingers of the morning. Why has the Great Parent hushed all nature in such deep repose, and drawn around us the curtains of darkness, but to mark out the proper time for our wearied faculties to intermit their functions? Why, but that our eyes may close, when objects no longer solicit their attention; that our ears may suspend their listening, when sounds have ceased; and that we may be stretched under safe shelter, while the vegetable world is bathed with those refreshing dews that are to us noxious vapours. Let those whom guilt has forced to address the glorious sun only to tell him, *how they hate his beams*, withdraw themselves from the cheerings of his presence; but minds full of innocence and conscious peace should welcome his approach. Sunshine, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, tries true beauty and cleanliness; and it is a sort of test of the purity and health of the soul to be willing to sustain such an ordeal. Who would wish to be confounded with the sons of violence and rapine; with those who love the night, because their deeds are evil; or to begin his orisons like the child of despair—"Now hungry wolves howl at the night's pale moon?" One would really compound for a little salutary superstition on such a subject, and would almost wish our young people had the same belief of spirits and goblins which their great grandmothers had, if it would have the effect of sending them to their beds at the same hour. We pity the inhabitants of some of the deep vallies of Switzerland, upon whom the sun never rises till he is near his meridian altitude; and yet we most of us voluntarily subject ourselves to the same deprivation. A close-drawn curtain will exclude him as effectually as a range of Alpine hills; and all nature has been rejoicing under the beams of that glorious luminary for many long hours, before we can prevail upon ourselves to be at all the better for him. It is, indeed, a kind provision of Providence that the constitution of man in this, as well as in many other particu-

lars, is able to accommodate itself to such changes as particular modes of life or incidental occurrences may require; but it is abusing this advantage to deviate without necessity, from the plainest distates of common sense. One would naturally suppose, that if a wise man wished at any time to interrupt the usual regularity of his hours, and to wake when others sleep, it would be to enjoy the general repose; to see the animals of the fold and pasture all stretched out, as it were, on the breast of their common mother; labour and toil suspended in the village; its fires extinct, and its various murmurs hushed, presenting a touching picture of peace and security in the arms of public faith and mutual confidence; the stars leading on the silent hours; and, from time to time, those infrequent sounds which cause the silence to be more felt. But this can never be enjoyed by the inhabitants of a perverted town. There the rattle of late dissipation meets the early occupations of labour: there is no hour in which the idle do not sleep; there is none in which the wretched do not toil. The rays of the sun are clouded with smoke, and obstructed by the contiguity of buildings; and the night, on the other hand, is made brilliant by the thousand lamps that stream in every direction; so that the very distinction of day and night is lessened, and all hours partake of a kind of dubious and uncertain twilight. If this preposterous deviation from nature were confined to a few fine gentlemen and ladies, as they, after all, make but an inconsiderable part of the human species, the harm might not be great; but, unfortunately, the influence extends to all those who administer to their habitudes: the country girl must watch her roses pale for their vigils, and the coachman must guard against the noxious influence of the night air with more noxious spirits. It is well for mankind that we cannot alter the course of the day, or push back the seasons with our fantastic humours.

"*Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily,*"

says one of our most charming poets; but what a penury of sunshine would it bring upon the world, if he were complaisant enough to wait till our modern Emilys were ready to start along with him! From the same disposition to lateness, the spring would probably be put off till fashionable people chose to go out of town; and the labourers would often be driven to the short days of Christmas to get in their harvest. But, thanks to the Author of nature, these matters are not left to our disposal. Though we speak of turning day into night, and inverting the seasons, it is what we really cannot do. The cocks crow at the same hour; the flowers open and close with their accustomed regularity; and nature moves on with the same even majestic march, undisturbed by our fancies or our follies. Those eternal land-marks still subsist which separate the portions of our time; and however we may dispose of it in theatres and drawing-rooms, wherever the most useful occupations of life are carried on, they must be carried on according to her laws. It is impossible to frequent the *country*, and not hear the voice which from time to time gently recals us to nature and true enjoyment. If these considerations fail, there is one more on which I rest my last hope. There are but four and twenty hours in the whole circle, and it is impossible to proceed as we have done of late years, without pretty soon getting round to the point from which we set out: in which case, all will be right again, and we shall have accomplished a revolution similar to that of the great platonic year, so much celebrated by ancient philosophers and poets.

To Correspondents.

The writer of a "*Communication*" could hardly think it necessary to publish it in the Emerald. The literary as well as the natural world has its *ephemeræ*, who sport for a time in the sunshine and are afterwards forgotten.

We cannot lay by the communication of Goneril without adverting to some lines *from Churchill's* GOTHAM.

How much mistaken are the men who think
That all who will without restraint may
drink [*burst*
May largely drink, e'en till their bowels
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst
At the pure waters of the living well
Besides whose streams the muses love to
dwell!
Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilst without art or
force
Make it but jingle, music comes of course!

POETRY.

HELLVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, *a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.*

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather
Till the mountain-wind wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-lov'd remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;
When the wind wav'd his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And O! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,—
Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

Eng. Mag.

FOR THE EMERALD,

It is allowed by almost every one, that the poetry of "Moore" is generally very exceptionable, yet he had not always lent his aid *to the corruption of human nature, nor always added new excitements to the gratification of the passions; the following will be found* beautifully moral. L.

SEE how beneath the moon-beams smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile
And murmuring there subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And having swell'd a moment there,
He melts into eternity.

FRIENDSHIP.

The sun is grateful to the op'ning rose;
For, bless'd not with its smiles, her lustre goes;
Bedew'd with Nature's tears she droops her head,
And fades and dies upon oblivion's bed.
So Friendship to the mind each joy imparts;
Without its aid existence were in vain;
It e'er delights to dwell in generous hearts,
And where 'tis found, no selfish thought can reign.
Then come, blest Frienship! ever in my mind
Proclaim thy power—thy transports let me feel,
In adverse fortune be a solace kind,
For thou alone the wounds of fate can heal—
For thou alone canst sooth each anxious thought,
Subdue our sorrows, and calm patience give;
For from thy blest example we are taught
Those golden rules for which we ought to live.
Depriv'd of Friendship what is human life?
A wretched void--a desert of despair,
Within whose limits dwell eternal strife,
Soul-cank'ring grief, and misery and care!

THE ROSE.

On Emma's fair bosom a rose in full blossom
Expanded its beauties and borrow'd fresh charm,
The lilies contrasted spread soft bloom upon them,
And dwelt amidst mountains of snow free from harm.
Its beauties, through brilliant, in vain strove to heighten,
Or the fair faultless features of Emma improve,
The soft spotless bosom it dwelt with delight in,
Is sacred to virtue, to friendship and love.
At morning it bloomed on her beautiful bosom,
With envy repining 'twas drooping at noon;
At ev'ning it died 'midst the sweets it reclin'd on,
And found on her bosom an enviable [tomb.

EPIGRAMS.

The Prudent Husband,

Dick's wife was sick, and pos'd the doctors' skill, [ill
Who differ'd how to cure th' invet'rate
Purging the one prescrib'd: No quoth the other,
That will do neither good nor harm dear brother;
Bleeding's the only thing—'twas quick reply'd,
That's certain death,—But since we differ wide,
'Tis fit the husband chuse by whom abide.
"Ise no great skill," cries *Richard* "by the rood!
"But Ise think *bleeding's* like to do most good."

On two Poet's, buried in the same Grave

Beneath one tomb, here sleep two faithful friends,
Constant through life, united in their ends;
Their studies, their amusements were the same,
Alike their genius, and alike their fame
By fortune favour'd, or by want oppress'd,
Still they in common ev'ry thing possess'd:
One heart, one mind, one purse, though small their riches,
One room, one bed, one hat, one pair of breeches.

On being expell'd a lady's company.

Thus *Adam* look'd when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n:
Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth
Like him I go, for angels drive us both
Hard was his fate but mine still more unkind,
His *Eve* went with him, but mine stays behind.

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